

Yorkville Enquirer.

JOHN L. MILLER,
SAM'L. W. MELTON, } Proprietors.

An Independent Journal: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

LEWIS M. CRIST, Publisher.

VOL. 1.

YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1855.

NO. 14.

Choice Poetry.

I THINK OF MY CHILD.

BY MRS. N. W. STRATTON.

I think of my child when the sun shines bright,
And earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of the dew-laden trees.

I mourn that she sleeps in the dark cold ground,
Shut out from the beauty so lavished around,
That will flowers bloom, and the long willows wave,
In silence, and sadness, o'er Tompkins' grave.

I think of my child when the silvery moon
Sheds loveliness holier, sweeter, than noon,
And I think of her too in the still, dark night,
The star-studded sky may not gladden her sight.

I touch my loved harp, but its strings no more
Are tuned to the gladness they breathed of yore;
A white-robed spirit seems hovering near
To soothe the notes, and a heart-wringing tear

I think of my child when a harsh world's blame
Would soil the whiteness of woman's name,
When slanders are blighting with poisonous breath,
I triumph to think that she sleeps in death.

When a pale wife shrinks from a wine-flushed face,
And a tyrant reigns in a husband's place,
And when cruel justice with iron tread
Has trampled a spirit, and whitened a head,

I think of my child when the wind blows high,
And the lightning's flash from an angry sky,
When the waves of trouble come bounding on,
I triumph to think that my darling's gone.

Oh, I dream that she's one of an angel band,
And I'll meet her again in the spirit land—
That she is not lost, only gone before,
And try to believe that I grieve no more.

COLUMBIA, April 1, 1855.

A Domestic Story.

THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I sent the air
Of blessing, when I came but near the house,
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverse of fortune. Those distresses which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riddled by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the more dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "Can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are to comfort you. And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its every helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his prosperity in large

speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him thro' I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness."

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend," I thought what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! That she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his proxyria had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively. "But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—may," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"Believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "she can be the same with you. As more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in that dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished my persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangements. My feelings had become strangely interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: "has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, "daring an impatient glance, 'is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?'"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort."

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came to its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grassplot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I have set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF CALHOUN.

Not long ago, suddenly throwing off the restraint and dull monotony of litigation, and accompanied by a friend of no social vein we took an interesting jaunt into the country. The day was inspiringly dewy; its bland sun light glanced and sparkled from every object that met the view, and the birds, cheated for the moment into forgetfulness of winter, warbled with timid softness the preludes of their Spring carols. It was day whose sounds and genial warmth, and sun-pencillings, summoned to the memory those vague, undefined, yet joyous recollections, that all have felt, but none yet fully described—a fitting day to visit the birth-place of Calhoun, and to muse amid the scenes consecrated by the rustic boyhood of the illustrious statesman. This section of Abbeville District has been styled, and is certainly not unjustly, its "garden spot"; the eye is greeted on every hand by fields in the highest state of cultivation, and their is something in the appearance of the soil, and the *ensemble* of the view, that reminds one of the rich prairie lands of the North-West. A fertile loam with a due admixture of vegetable matter, constitutes the soil in its virgin state, designating it as a section peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of small grain, but in many plantations that came in sight had evidently been strained and exhausted in the production of the great Southern staple, and the very few fields of grain that relieved the view, that far more cotton will wave their next harvest than golden grain, even now so much needed everywhere.

The old homestead in which Mr. Calhoun first saw the light stands on the eastern edge of the beautiful tract of country we have just partially described, and which is known as the Calhoun settlement. The plantation passed a few years ago from the hands of a young member of the family (why was that?) to Mr. John White, an intelligent merchant of this village, and is now occupied by his overseer as a negro quarter; other changes, too, and more impressive, have come over this venerable relic of the past.

The house, an object of interest for its antiquated architecture alone, was evidently one of its day an elegant man's abode, built in the irregular, no-stylish order of the age, having a spacious hall, heated by one of those huge chimneys, now obsolete, whose ample fireplaces were symbolical of the patriarchal hospitality of the olden time. It is situated on the brow of a hill, that declines gently to the eastern bank of a beautiful stream that still bears the family name; for like most of the residences of the pioneers, the site was chosen more for its convenience to water than for any other advantage; and we are not sure that this utilitarian impulse has lessened seriously the intrinsic beauty of the situation. A winding creek, dashing with an audible murmur over its pebbled bed, and hills that stud its banks with sufficient boldness to relieve the monotony of a wide expanse of flat woods stretching for miles away from the very verge of the western bank, more than compensate for the absence of qualities that a too fastidious taste would have preferred.

To our eye, apart from all historic interest, there is a charm in the bold, rugged landscape uncouth style, and moss grown burlers of those venerable homesteads of the pioneers. We love to muse in the humid shades of their monumental oaks, listening to the wind as they whistle through shattered gables strange requiems to the dead and departed customs of other days. The old Red House, however on the border of the Flat Woods, is more indebted for the interest it exacts to its history than its natural features. Except a small grove of oaks, and decayed Princes of China, immediately around it, and which seem struggling to impart a scanty shade to the fading relics beneath them, the surrounding country is a continuous plantation, destitute of forest, and in many places the worse for having long since yielded to the cotton mills of Manchester and Lowell the best portion of its primitive fertility. There is nothing of the old or sublime in scenery to be found here, that could have imparted, according to the poets, heroic grandeur to a lofty genius; nevertheless, in the silent dells of the meandering creek, and the rich verdure of their evergreen foliage, contemplation found a genial retreat, and doubtless there the inquisitive mind of the future statesman imbibed much of that deep, earnest thoughtfulness that characterized him through life.

Some hundred yards east of the house, in the open field, but nearly concealed by the spreading branches of a large cedar and tall shrubbery, is the old family cemetery. It contains but a single monument of any architectural interest, and that stands upon the grave of Mr. Calhoun's father, mother, and sister Catharine, Mrs. Dr. Waddell. He had it carved in Washington, and placed in its present site a few years before his death. Each of its four sides has an inscription; they read as follows:

"Patrick Calhoun, the father of John Caldwell Calhoun. Born in the country of Donegal, Ireland, June 11, 1727, and died January 15, 1796, in the 69th year."

"Martha Caldwell, the wife of Patrick Calhoun, and the mother of Catharine, William, James, John Caldwell, and Patrick Calhoun. Born on Crab Creek, Charlotte county, Virginia, 1750—died May, 1802, aged 52 years."

"Catharine, the daughter of Patrick and Martha Calhoun, and the first wife of the Rev. Dr. Waddell, died in March, 1796, in the 21st year of her age, without issue."

Erected by John C. Calhoun, the surviving member of the family, 1844." The graves of William and James, whose names were mentioned above, are also here, and becoming memorials. The former was

the father of the Hon. Mrs. Armisted Burt, and Mrs. Degraffeur, of Abbeville; the latter, of our energetic fellow citizen Mr. J. A. Calhoun, and the Hon. James Calhoun, of Alabama.—Abbeville Banner.

THE NEW CZAR.

The new Emperor of Russia, Alexander the Second, was born April 29, 1818, and became Czar of Russia, March 2, 1855, at the age of thirty-seven.

In his book on Russia, M. de Custine has given a sketch of Alexander, as he appeared in 1839; and though the years that have since rolled by have modified some lineaments of the picture, time can not have changed the main features:

FLMS, June 5, 1839. Yesterday I began my journey into Russia. The hereditary Grand Duke has arrived at Elms, preceded by ten or twelve carriages, and followed by a numerous court.

I found myself at the side of the Grand Duke, among the curious crowd, as he alighted from his carriage. Before entering the house he stood for a long time at the door of the baths in conversation with a Russian lady, so that I had time to examine him. He looks his exact age, which is twenty. His person is tall, but a little too stout for so young a man. His features would be fine, were it not for a puffiness that impairs their physiognomy. His face is round, but rather Grecian than Russian, and suggests what the Emperor Alexander must have been at the same age, without, however in any way recalling the Kalmuck type.

The look has many phases to pass through ere it will assume its definite character. The habitual humor it now denotes is mild and benevolent. Between the ready smiles of the eyes and the constant contraction of the mouth, there is, however, a discrepancy that bespeaks very moderate frankness, and perhaps some internal grief. The chagrin of youth, the age when happiness is man's natural due, is a secret always the better kept, that it is a mystery inexplicable even to the sufferer. The Prince's expression is one of kindness; his step is light and gracefully noble—truly that of a prince. His air is modest, without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves denigrated, they are incommoded by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake.

This silly disquietude never afflicts the Grand Duke. His whole bearing wears the impress of perfect good breeding. If he should ever reign he will make himself obeyed, not by terror, but by the attraction of his inherent grace, unless the necessities that cling to a Russian Emperor's destiny should alter his character as well as his position.

JUNE 6, 1839.

I have again seen the hereditary Grand Duke, and have had a long and close examination of him. He was not dressed in uniform, which gives him a stiff and swollen look. The ordinary costume suits him much better. His manner is agreeable, his gait noble, and without the stiffness of the soldier; and the peculiar grace that distinguishes him recalls the singular charm belonging to the Slave race. There is not the vivacious passion of warm countries, nor the imperturbable coldness of the north, but a mixture of southern simplicity and adaptability with Scandinavian melancholy. The Slavics are white Arabs. The Grand Duke is more than half German; but these are Germans Slavics in Mecklenburg as well as in some parts of Holstein and Prussia.

Notwithstanding his youth, the Prince's face is not so agreeable as his figure. His complexion has lost its freshness, it is visible that he is a sufferer. The eyelid drops over the outer corner of the eyes, with a melancholy, betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medallions of the antique, or the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but beneath that air of youth almost always conferred by beauty, youth and German blood, it is impossible not to recognize a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is doubtless the seal of destiny, and makes me believe that the Prince is fated to ascend the throne. His voice has a melodious tone, a thing rare in his family, and a gift he has received from his mother.

He stands out among the young men of his suite without anything to stamp the distance observable between them, unless it be the perfect grace of his whole person. Grace always denotes an amiable turn of mind; so much of the physiognomy, and of the attitude of the man. The one under examination is at once imposing and agreeable. Russian travellers had spoken to me of his beauty as a phenomenon; and it would have struck me more but for this exaggeration. Such as he is, the Grand Duke of Russia still seemed to me to be one of the finest models of a prince that I had ever met.

CONGRESSIONAL MORALITY.

We were infinitely amused three or four weeks ago by a practical joke in Washington City upon a number of the nice men of Congress. It was too good to be left unperformed.

A couple of merry fellows, one of them a distinguished member of Congress from a Southern State, and the other a distinguished ex-editor from Kentucky, concocted a letter purporting to be addressed by a young lady to a very fine looking gentleman. It was got up in first-rate style. The pretended young lady set forth therein that she had several times seen the gentleman she was addressing, that she was captivated by his fine face and manly form, that her heart was deeply touched by all she saw and heard of him, that she must make his acquaintance before his departure from the city, that she hoped and prayed he would forgive her seeming boldness as it was the first imprudent act of her life, that she had always moved and was still moving in the highest circle of the Capital, that she would be upon a certain square of a certain street at precisely 12 o'clock on the following day in a dress which she described with great particularity,

and that she hoped and trusted he would meet her and thus afford her an opportunity of a brief personal intercourse with the idol of her heart. The two wags had between thirty and forty copies of this letter written by a female friend of theirs, and they sent these copies to between thirty and forty members of Congress, selecting those of course who were known to entertain a very exalted opinion of their own personal fascinations.

Every thing being thus arranged, the two jokers called upon us and another young gentlemen, explained what they had done, and invited us to get into their carriage, ride with them to the point of assignment, and see the sights. We unhesitatingly assented, and we saw sights sure enough. Riding upon the designated square, we beheld the whole of the thirty or forty members, Northern men and Southern men, Whigs, Democrats, and Know-Nothings, walking to and fro, all gazing earnestly in every direction and at every female figure to discover the object of their anxious search.

We concluded, that if a few more copies of the letter had been sent to members of the House of Representatives, the House would have had to adjourn for the want of a quorum.—Louisville Journal.

HE HAS ENEMIES.

We never here the remark made of a man "That he has a great many enemies," without feeling desirous of his acquaintance. We are sure to find him, in many respects, a sterling character. A man who plods along, in the same track of his forefathers—who never broke away from the traces of expediency and error and who thinks and writes with the same pen and from the same model, that his grandfather used seldom if ever gains an enemy. But he who thinks for himself is something of a genius and has talents of a high order, is sure to find enemies at every corner. A truthful paragraph that he has written—darling vices that he has denounced—or a sense even of his superiority over themselves induce many to say severe things of him and bring his good name into contempt. When lived the energetic, active, talented man who had no enemies? Even perfection itself, in the life of Christ, was ridiculed, spoken against, abused, spit upon, cast away!

A man who has enemies need not relax his efforts, or presume that he is the worst person who ever lived. If he is upright in his dealings, kind and benevolent in his disposition, obliging and accommodating to all classes, he must have the approbation of a good conscience and his sleep will be refreshing.

We would not give a farthing for the man who has no enemies—who panders to the depraved appetites of the bad and pretends to uncommon sanctity among the religious—who never denounces sin for a friend of a frown, or expresses himself as a friend to virtue, lest he be ridiculed. No—give us the faithful individual who sustains the right at fearful odds and speaks out boldly, when vice comes in like a flood. Such a man is honored and approved by Heaven, and we always extend to him the right hand of fellowship.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The printers of Manchester, New Hampshire, gave a festival on the anniversary of the birth-day of Benjamin Franklin, and among the letters received, was one from the Honorable Edward Everett, in which the following passage occurs:—"The name of Franklin is one of the brightest in our history, and his eventful life is full of interest and instruction for men of all pursuits. He was a first rate printer, an industrious and methodical man of business, an active citizen, always devising measures for the public good, a self-taught man, but a friend of education, a master of the English language, a sagacious observer of nature, a bold scientific theorist, as a patriot, intrepid though cautious, and faithful in the discharge of the highest trusts at home and abroad. He first conceived the idea of a federal union as early as 1734; he was one of the committee for drafting the Declaration of Independence in 1776; he was one of the negotiators of the treaty of Peace with Great Britain in 1783; and an influential member of the Convention which framed the Constitution in 1787. Boston has the honor of his birth: Philadelphia holds his ashes; but the whole Union enjoys the benefit of his lessons of wisdom and patriotism. His fame is co-extensive with the civilized world, and his memory will live forever."

STORY OF A BRAVE MAN.

The telegraph briefly announces this morning, the suicide at Jackson, Miss. of Col. Alexander K. McClung. Our manuscript dispatch read, "Col. McClung, the Duelist;" but he was otherwise distinguished, in a very eventful life in the Southwest than for his prowess under the bloody "code of Honor," and deserves, in death, to be remembered, as well for the good which he did, as for the evil which the telegraphic record would cause to live after him. He was a brave man for his country in war, as well as a desperate one in defence of his own perhaps too sensitive honor, in peace. He was prompt, gallant, and distinguished in the Volunteer Service in Mexico, in 1847, under General Taylor. He was the first to scale the Black Fort at Monterey, and for his intrepidity in placing the Stars and Stripes on its captured walls, was marked and pierced by the enemy with wounds under which he suffered the most agonizing pains for five or six months, and chafed that he could not be rid of them to bear his part on the field of Buena Vista, within a few miles of which he was invalided.

The personal story of Col. McClung, though a sanguinary one, is not without its beauties. He was called a desperate duelist; not that he was by nature blood-thirsty, or loved the practice for the poor renown it brought him, but because when he did fight in this way, which was not often, he made no compromises for the chances of life; and exacted as well as granted, the extreme terms of the code, as practiced in Mississippi fifteen or twenty years ago; when extravagance and desperation in every department of life, appeared for a season to run riot. His first meeting was in 1833 or

1834, with a man by the name of Allen. The weapons, pistols, to be fired at ten paces, or while advancing nearer to each other, and then the use of the bowie-knife. Allen fell. The second meeting was five years afterwards, or more, with young Mennifee, at Vicksburg, the brother of Richard H. Mennifee, member of Congress from Kentucky in 1838-39. The weapon, the rifle; both parties excellent shots, but Mennifee fell at the second fire. There may have been other altercations in which he was engaged, but they are not now remembered.

These two fatal transactions gave a notoriety to the man which he was far from being proud of, and the public recollection of which he endeavored to efface, in his ripest years, by political and military service, first as the head of the Whig press in Mississippi in the Presidential campaign of 1840; then as Marshal of the United States for the Northern District of the State, and afterwards as a volunteer to Mexico, the Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment. After the war he was the political friend of General Taylor, not to the exclusion of Mr. Clay, of whose neighborhood in Kentucky McClung was a native, but in default of his nomination at Philadelphia. Under his Administration he was appointed to a diplomatic station as *Charge d'Affaires* to Bolivia, South America, the Capital of which, far in the interior of the country, he no doubt had too much difficulty to find to be impressed by its greatness or captivated by its social or political attractions. He returned to the United States after a two years residence near the Bolivian Government, in the year 1851, since when we had heard little of him until the present dreadful announcement of death by his own hand. His age must have been about 45 years.—New York Times.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

We copy the following from the New York Herald of Saturday:

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1855.—The great affair just now in this city is the El Dorado outrage. There is no little excitement here, growing out of that insult, which, by the way, has been increased by that to Thompson, the American Consul at Sagua la Grande. There was another Cabinet council yesterday, at which our relations with Cuba were fully discussed. The members of the Cabinet in favor of immediate and energetic steps against Cuba were: The President, Secretary Davis, Secretary Dobbin, Secretary Guthrie, Secretary Campbell, Secretary McClelland.

Against any decided movement for the present were:

Secretary Marcy, Attorney General Cushing. Secretary Davis was in favor of the most decided action to compel an immediate apology from the Captain General. I am told that Davis is very violent, and urges the strongest measures for reparation.

It is stated that Marcy in the Cabinet meetings opposes the views of the majority, by bringing forward what he deems precedents for the course of the Spanish naval officer in firing into the El Dorado, and the apologetic article in the National Intelligencer is imputed to his suggestion. Cushing is playing a game *solo*. He is apparently with Marcy, to gain a little conservative influence.

Mr. Soule left town this morning for New York. He will not publish the Perry correspondence. He is willing that it should be given to the public, but contends that it should emanate from the State Department, and not from him. Orders have been sent to Pensacola, Norfolk Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, to have all available vessels and material prepared for immediate service, and instructions have been issued to all naval officers at those points to hold themselves in readiness for sea. It is thought that a portion of the Mediterranean fleet, as well as the Brazil squadron, will be called home for the emergency.

WASHINGTON, March 30—10 P. M.—Another consultation with his Cabinet has determined the President to draw from the different stations every vessel which can possibly be spared, and order them forthwith to join the Gulf squadron. A large portion of the late navy appropriations will be expended in providing steamers, ostensibly to transport provisions, but really to transport men and military stores to our southern coast. A decided step is to be taken, and the consequences left to take care of themselves. War is the only theme discussed on the streets to-day, and the decision of the President is a subject of eulogy.

An extra session of Congress is regarded as impracticable, as only three of the Southern States could be represented. President Pierce will adopt Mr. Polk's plan, and consider a state of war existing.

MISS BRENNAN.

Paul Julien recently gave a grand concert in New York for the benefit of the poor.—"The Musical World" notices it, and among other celebrities, has the following notice of our Columbia songster:

"Among those whose artistic presence has gladdened many friends in this city the past few weeks has been that of Miss Ellen Brennan, the Southern sky-lark, who sings and soars so charmingly, and whose very successful concerts at the south we have noticed from time to time. Miss Brennan has been for some time under the interrupted, yet still continued, tuition of the accomplished and high-bred Sig. Badiali—his only pupil. It is significant of her success, both present and prospective, that Sig. Badiali thus interests himself for our fair young countrywoman.—She could not have a more careful, accomplished and experienced teacher. Sig. Badiali, taken all in all, is as fine a singer, and certainly as great a public favorite, as we have ever had in this country. His spirited performance at the late charity concert in the Academy was perhaps the redeeming feature of that otherwise very mediocre musical event—though rich in pecuniary success. Miss Ellen Brennan sails in the Spring for Italy where she intends to perfect herself in her art."

The progress of the world is continually converting virtues into vice.